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Stentor

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# The Stentor, February 14, 1893

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# THE STENTOR.

VOLUME VI.

FEBRUARY 14, 1893.

NUMBER 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK

BY THE

**Lake Forest University Stentor Publishing Co.**

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STENTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
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## SOMETHING FOR LATIN STUDENTS.

We notice by the *Illini*, the official organ of the University of Illinois, that it will publish in every issue from now on, English verse translations of Latin poems made by students in the University. This is an excellent plan and if a University can produce no original verse it should at least produce passable translations. Here is a chance for Latin students at Lake Forest. Turn out some metrical translations and we will give them space.

## THE GIRL OUT OF SCHOOL.

There is no problem perhaps so hard

for a girl to decide as what she shall do when her school days are over. She wants to have a good time and yet she wants to be literary, she wants rest and yet she wants to be on the go, she wants to read "something light" and yet she wants to study, in fact she is made up of impulses. Correct us if we are at fault for this a masculine view. A girl at best must lead a rather monotonous life and active men cannot but sympathize with her. However realizing our inability to cope with this problem we asked Mrs. Ferry to write on the subject and the admirable paper found in another column will explain itself.

## ST. VALENTINE---YOUR PATRON SAINT.

What visions the mention of St. Valentine brings up before our minds, especially those among us who are imaginative. We seem to be carried back to the times when on the 14th of each and every February we looked forward to the coming of the postman with his bundle of filagreed, embossed, and *beautiful* valentines all directed in strange handwriting—the handwriting is always strange on this day, but the sender at the last minute thinks the writing is *too* strange so into the corner go his initials. We scarce thought such beautiful things could be made out of paper. And then the verses! Sit still, our heart! How they breathed out true

love and beautiful cheeks and pearly teeth and breath of roses and other attributes. Oh those days have gone—unless some one kindly sends us some verses today. And in their place have come these days of cynicism when the college man is abroad in the land and declares that “we do not exist” that “St. Valentine never existed” and that “Santa Claus is a Myth.” O ye heretics, ye Sophists, take away ourselves, take away Santa Claus but leave us St. Valentine. P. S. As the last mail is in however and we are still empty handed, you can take away St. Val. to.

#### SOME MASCULINE ADVICE.

If we are too over-bearing, girls, don't hesitate to inform us and enclose a two cent stamp for reply. But we noticed in a recent STENTOR that the Ferry Hall correspondent complained that the girls took no interest in Society work whatever, that they preferred paying a fine to appearing on the program. On this statement we want to make a few remarks. In the college and academy, contests of various kinds are held, class contests, society contests, declamation, oratory, essay, and debate contests and prizes are given for these. And Ferry Hall, the largest department, has no contest of any kind, no prizes for anything, not even any society spirit! *Girls why don't you contest?* Organize another society, get up some pride as to which society shall lead and you will be surprised at the amount of interest you will take in your literary work. If you will but organize and show yourselves in earnest, people will be ready enough to offer prizes. And think of the fun and excitement! A real Ferry Hall contest

instead of a Cad contest or a College contest. Ferry Hall could give splendid contests in music or elocution. What do you say, Ferry Hall? Will you accept our advice?

#### TO OUR GIRLS.

Dear Girls (can't we say dearest girls?) we realize what an important part you play in college life and with contrition we acknowledge that in the past we have not paid enough attention to you, that is—excuse us—we—we mean *editorially* of course. In our blind selfishness and egotism we, of the male persuasion, have gone forward day after day saying, “there are none like us,” “we are the people,” “Was ist los mit us” and other touching phrases. But when we reach this day dedicated to that noble saint, the guardian of lovers, we are arrested in our mad career as we realize that this day of all others is set apart for *you* and that it behooves us to prove that “we are the people” by composing some sweet verses, tacking them on some illuminated paper, and sending them to our lady-loves. But we have so many girls (pardon our modesty) and the old way would take so many new Columbian stamps that the best and most inexpensive way we could think of, was to send our love through the STENTOR, so here it is. We know it is not so tender as some we have seen as we have said nothing about “azure hair and golden eyes” but we have lost much of our tenderness in this cold world, and to speak confidentially a great deal has been wasted (?) no we mean *lost* on you already. With these thoughts dear girls we hope to keep you on our subscription lists another year.

ST. VALENTINE AND THE WAY THE  
SEMINARY REGARDS HIM.

Do girls like Valentines? Yes, they do in their tenderer years. But when they reach the advanced age of eighteen, they say they never think of them. No (?) Watch the maiden who would speak thusly. It is the fourteenth of February, a missive comes to her, with blushing cheeks and down-cast eyes she takes herself from our midst and in some secluded spot, learns who would have her for his valentine. We never think of things till they are brought to our minds, and now do you suppose that maiden will forget her valentine?

\* \* \*

Who ever accepts this valentine  
Will be forever a love of mine,  
For I know nothing much to write  
Trying hard with brains and might.  
But of the kinds of valentines let us speak.  
There's one for the lowly and one for the meek,  
One for the bride and one for the groom,  
And one for the person who wields a broom,  
One for the fat and one for the slim,  
One for Johnny and one for Jim,  
Pretty ones, comic, little and big,  
But for the whole pile I don't care a fig,  
We'd rather have fruit and candy and cake,  
And all the good things that cooks can make,  
But above everything else that we can recall,  
Is the life that we lead at Ferry Hall.

*Nancy Hanks.*

\* \* \*

I used to think Valentine's Day was great fun, and used to expect a valentine, but since I've grown so old I don't know anything about it any more.

*M. S. age 19.*

\* \* \*

Modern St. Valentine sits all the day  
This big book before him lies open,  
He checks off the slams that he has to repay,  
And smiles at the numerous love-tokens.

*Would-be-Poetess.*

\* \* \*

It seems to me the dear old custom of St.

Valentine's day is fast being elbowed to the rear among our social observances! This legendary saint once held the highest place in the hearts of the young people of a household. How the mails were watched, and with what eagerness its treasures were born away by some blushing maid, to be opened in the privacy of her own room. A still better period in the annals of this lore was the time when original stanzas were Cupid's messengers. The return of such a time would be warmly welcomed. A sheet of paper with some one's honest sentiments would be far more welcome today, to a sensible girl than a ream of "printed prettiness."

*Cupid's Advocate.*

\* \* \*

St. Valentine's Day is the time when young love Finds vent in the form of a token,  
These valentines may, in some shape or way Mean very much more than is spoken.  
The saint, though old, shows his wits are still young,  
By the way he composes his rhymes,  
For the spoony expressions he puts in his gifts,  
Shows he keeps up with the times.

*Shy Maiden.*

\* \* \*

See yonder maiden tripping down the street, happy, joyous, gay. Sly Cupid hails her, and hands her missives many. Away she goes waving her missives high, and telling of conquests many,—who is her valentine?

Five—ten—fifteen years have passed. Sly Cupid, young as ever—for we are told with every generation he is re-born, comes gaily down the street. That maiden, a maid-en still, sits at the window. Will he stop? Does her heart still flutter? Yes—no! But Cupid with his pack goes by—and as we look we are forced to murmur those time-worn, tongue-worn words—

Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, "it might have been."

*Coquette.*

\* \* \*

Valentine's Day! Cupid's Day! Yes, his majesty king Cupid holds forth to-day. Hearts



is the game. Every youth and maiden must play their cards well. Each would capture the ace. King Cupid would assist, and slyly slips a second ace into the pack. The game is ended and each stands triumphant—the youth with the heart of the maiden—the maiden with the heart of the youth.

### THE SCHOOL-DAYS OVER—WHAT SHALL SHE DO?

How to pursue one's education independently is a mixed question in this progressive age, and especially for women. The result of the combined wisdom of all the sages could not lay down laws that would cover the needs of any one woman. The most that an interested outsider can do is to point out some mistakes that can be avoided. The great danger of the present age is its complexity, which tends to dissipate and weaken the powers. There are many things to learn and many openings hitherto closed to women. It reduces everyone to the necessity of wise selection.

This is an age particularly stimulating to woman's ambition. Not only are women holding out the helping hand to each other, but the wisest and best men are still firing us on with words of praise and encouragement, while the voices of the weak and foolish brothers who have been tiring our ears with the old refrain of "woman's sphere" are growing weaker and dying gradually into irrecoverable silence.

Doubtless every girl feels, more or less, the inspiration of the hour, and a struggling ambition to be among the best.

To leave generalities for the familiar and special, let us note a single specimen of the great genera—"The Sweet Girl Graduate."

It is not necessary to dwell upon the girls who have a decided bent in any direction; who expect to teach, paint, study music, or enter upon the hundred and one occupations open to women. They need no help or advice that they cannot hunt up themselves.

But there is one poor creature, a sample of the large majority who are bright, conscientious,

and who do not have to do anything. She could paint, draw, teach, write and be an artist in any profession she chose to be proficient in.

We have all seen her. She has (been) graduated with honor and is filled with ideas of progress, and desires to keep up her studies, as the phrase goes. She hangs on to her education as a belle to her favorite terrier, jerking it along and holding on to it as if it was bound to get away from her. She joins all the classes she is asked to. German, French, Italian and Spanish are studied with devouring eagerness for fear she will forget how to say "Have you seen the red cow of my sister-in-law's grandmother?" correctly in all four languages.

This young woman has come out, of course, and has her train of admirers.

The multifarious calls that society continues to make upon its buds must be responded to. That time-honored institution, now as of old, looks to woman as its guiding star.

Is it reasonable to suppose that a young girl of ordinary endurance can pay attention to the social demands made upon her during the two or three years after the school-days are over, and also pursue, to any great extent, her studies?

A thousand times no! Many more break down from a sense of this double responsibility than from the assigned cause, social dissipation. The truly frivolous, those who care not for the deeper nature, never break down. It is generally the girl who, naturally enough, is fond of fun but also feels that education must be maintained as if it were a tangible something that, in order to be kept, must be fondled and cared for.

She even grudges the time for the girlish dreams (remember what grand endings are likely to result from them) which must be interrupted ever and anon by a page of mental philosophy or a conjugation of a waning verb.

This is not as it should be. Do not think of study for at least two years after graduation. I mean the memory drudgery of it. If your education is worth anything it will not run away from you. It cannot. You have not

been putting on so many shells of education, onion like, but you have absorbed whatever will be of use to you.

Give yourself a chance to grow and develop and work out those principles and maxims that were instilled into you as the morning dew upon the tender herb.

Webster says: "Education is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the communication of knowledge, as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles and the regulation of the heart."

There is a great deal said about the elevation of the stage, but society can have a vast amount of elevating and every woman should consider herself a lever for that purpose.

Society itself is inevitably the great school of tact in which the art of gentle breeding is taught by experience and observation.

When we smilingly observe "She treats everyone as though he was the favored one," we are noting the behaviour of one who has mastered the art of courtesy. It is frivolity and heartlessness that have brought down the anathemas of the severe upon the "great belle."

Now, time and space are used up and nothing is said about religious culture, but you can read Henry Drummond.

Nothing about reading? There are courses and courses marked out for you. All I wish to say is: Learn to skip voluminously; the best is always scanty; let us be thankful for that in one respect. Learn to select the best, and bravely ignore even much that is good.

To sum up, regulate your conduct and way of life so that when you are doing one thing you shall not worry because you are not doing a hundred other things. For this feeling is the great bug-bear of woman's existence.

ABBY FARWELL FERRY.

## A GRIM (M) FAIRY-TALE.

BY AN ARABIAN KNIGHT.

Once upon a time long, long ago almost before "time was," there lived in a certain land a king by the name of Onwee. (Now if this

king were French we would call him *Ennui* but being an ancestor of Pres. Clevenson we use the English.) King Onwee had everything his great heart could desire even from his ten meals a day to the crease in his trousers, for be it known that his mighty sovereign wore trousers and had a crease long before "hand-me-downs" came in style. Everywhere the people loved him, thousand of servants were at his beck and call, he had musicians, and clowns and sooth sayers galore. And yet was this monarch not satisfied. He continually longed for something new. He was intensely tired. Everything around him was tired. He ordered a bicycle one day but that was *tired* too. Even the names of his ministers suggested weariness. His prime minister was R. E. Pose, his secretary of amusements was U. Makemetired, his gauger of the public weariness was S. Leeper. The king became so weary that finally he assembled his ministers and held a consultation. They decided that King Onwee was dying of *ennui*. So the word went forth to the uttermost limits of the Kingdom that the king must be amused. That if he wasn't amused in twenty-four hours he would amuse himself by severing the jugulars of his ministers which the ministers avowed would not be amusing at all. Naturally the ministers arose and shook themselves and messengers were dispatched in every direction to hunt up something amusing.

Now it so happened (everything happens just right in a fairy tale you know) it so happened that a youth yclept Cupid had wandered into the kingdom that day and hearing and seeing this wonderful commotion desired to know "Was ist los." The anxious people told him their beloved king must be amused or he would die and then it would be amusing to see who would succeed him. Cupid thunk a great think and finally saying in stage tones "It must be done," journeyed onward toward the palace. Walking into the king's presence he took out his bow and arrows and, taking aim, deliberately shot the great king through his great un-amused heart. The king gave a mighty leap but Cupid vanished in thin air and the monarch

setting back in his throne again, found he was still alive and apparently unhurt. But he gradually became aroused and awakened and made things lively for the sleepy court and became so nervous and restless that R. E. Pose had to skip around lively to keep up with him. Still all this perplexed the king as much as his loving subjects and he would fain know the reason thereof. So he caused all his soothsayers and prophets to come before him and demanded that they should tell him whence this whichness. But they were even more at a loss for a reason than the king himself. Then was the king enraged and cast them from him and sent out into his kingdom saying that to any one who would interpret his changed feelings he would give honor and great wealth.

So it came to pass that one day a venerable man was brought before him who had been captured near the royal chicken coop. The people demanded his life, and the king himself was in a great rage, but finally said: "One chance I give thee for thy life. Tell me whence this change of nature that has come over me and I will not only give thee life, but great riches beside."

Then the old man prostrated himself before the king and said in a trembling voice: "O King Onwee, greatest of the kings, since thou wilt grant me my unworthy life for this knowledge, be it known unto thee that thou art *in love*, and that the arrow which entered thy heart was from cupid, the god of love."

"In love!" shouted the king, "and with what?"

"With a woman, your most sacred majesty."

"Go forth," said the king with eagerness to his ministers, "go forth and fetch in the fairest woman in my kingdom till I prove his words."

Then they went forth and brought in the fairest woman, and the king looked on her and *loved*.

Then was there great rejoicing in the king's heart. "Ho, ho, ho," laughed he in what we of the present would call a horse laugh [but horses were not invented then, neither was Latin]. "Ho, ho, ho, thou art a philosopher

truly. And what is thy name, O man of wisdom?"

"Valentine, an' it please your majesty," responded the old man."

"It pleases me mightily," quoth the king, "and we shall remember thee. S. Leeper, what day is this?"

"The 14th of February, your majesty."

"Ah, Valentine, since thou hast shown us love, henceforth thou shalt be called St. Valentine, and this day shall be set apart for thee as an everlasting memorial for thee."

Then was there feasting and much drinking of wine as St. Valentine took his place at the side of the king, which place he has held ever since. [This version has never before been in print because it has just been discovered in the cave of the Forty Thieves, and was read by the light of Aladdin's Lamp.]

S.



## COLLEGE.

### AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

COLUMBIA—Bostonians in "The Knickerbockers."

HOOLEY'S—Rosina Vokes.

GRAND—De Wolf Hopper in "Wang."

CHICAGO—August Junkermann in "Hanne Nuete."

MCVICKER'S—Wilson Barrett.

SCHILLER—"Surrender."

Have you been vaccinated?

Have you made application to be a guide at the World's Fair?

More snow during the week. Sleighing parties are again popular.

W. H. Hummiston was the guest of the G. P. Club the first of last week.

G. W. King spent several days among his old friends last week.

A number of the boys attended the Saturday matinee of "Wang."



Who looked at the Sun clock at ten o'clock Friday night? Naughty boy.

French, the druggist, has everything in the line of tooth-brushes and toilet articles.

Gymnasium suits, shoes and other athletic goods on hand. Low prices. Ruston, College Hall.

One more week and then the chess tournament will close. If you have any back games you'd better play them off.

Buck, the Waukegan jeweler has the finest gems in the west. Give him your order for anything in the line of jewelry.

Step up, gentlemen, and plunk down the goodly coin of the realm and never again be tempted to burn barrels without setting a guard to watch for the enemy.

Reports have reached us that G. D. Schofield continues to regain his health, though but slowly. It is his intention to take a Southern trip as soon as consistent with safety.

The favored few who attended the Aletheian open meeting Friday evening were very enthusiastic Saturday morning in their praise of the ladies' efforts. Those who were "not sufficiently urged" feel that it is a serious misfortune not to "stand in."

The afternoon reception given Friday afternoon by Dr. and Mrs. McClure was attended by most of the students who, without exception, report a very pleasant affair. The Misses Rumsey, Stanley and Holt were at the chocolate and tea tables.

Many of the students went to Jackson Park Saturday to make application and take the examination to be guide at the World's Fair next summer. Evanston was well represented and the guying between the representatives in the rush was good natured and hearty.

The dates of the closing of the winter and spring terms have been fixed. The present term will close March 22nd and the next term June 14th. This has been a much vexed question and it is to be hoped that this announcement will be a relief to those interested.

Some town hoodlums threw a snowball through the Crozier & Ruston window one evening last week. They also annoyed two young ladies who were returning home from Ferry Hall unattended. Such things should not be and the fact that they are shows that something is wrong.

The reading room is again open! After two months the powers that be have decided to abandon the anachronism of a college in which a reading room has no place. The magazines and papers may once more be found in their old places. The proposition made that the students furnish a table, or bear part of the cost of one, was not accepted by them. A substantial table, however, has taken the place of the old ram shackle affair, but just who is to be thanked for it is not stated. Whoever it may be the students appreciate the kindness.

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Pratt to the Athenaeum Society last Saturday evening. About thirty couples were present and enjoyed a progressive spelling game most of the evening. Miss Grace McCord and F. C. Sharron won the head prizes. The rest of the evening was spent in singing and "Willie" Danforth, "Rad," "Robbie Frazier" and "Niddie" gave their inimitable solos. To sum it up it was a time such as can only be enjoyed at Mr. Pratt's.

The engagement is announced of Herbert Alward, of Chicago, and Miss Jessica Stevens, of Neenah. The prospective groom is well known in this city, having been a member of the Menasha base ball team of '88. The gentleman is well known to the old students of Lake Forest. For some time he was a prominent player on the defunct Racine College base ball team and played during the first years of its existence in the Northwestern College Base Ball League. His many friends wish him all possible happiness. He is quite prominent in Chicago and Milwaukee.

A certain firm in a certain state—we withhold names for ethical reasons—have sent out



their annual circulars announcing that they are "supplying the busy students of the country with all kinds of literary productions." These "productions" are all written by "alumni of first class colleges" and are warranted to relieve "those who are obliged by a tyrannical college faculty to waste both mortal time and parental money" in useless work. High school orations are worth from "\$3.00 to \$8.00, according to style, length, subject, etc." Sermons \$1.00 to \$25.00, ditto. The circular is "yours confidentially." We are going to frame ours.

There is to be at the World's Fair a National Inter-collegiate Base Ball Tourney in which it is proposed the five best teams of the west will be pitted against the five best in the east. The five proposed for the east are Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell. The west will be represented by Michigan, Madison, Univ., of Chicago, Minnesota and Northwestern. At least this is the way they are chosen by the president and secretary of the scheme, who are respectively from Northwestern and Chicago. Northwestern will have to pick up wonderfully. There are numerous teams in the west that can beat her. She won our game last year. We should judge from records made that the University of Iowa or Lake Forest would stand a much better chance than Northwestern. We understand Grinnell will have a strong team this year and then what is the matter with Leiland Stanford? Who takes it upon himself to pick out the five best teams in the west?

#### TOWN TOPICS.

Miss Hattie Durand is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Downs, in Chicago.

Mrs. J. H. Dwight has been confined to the house by injuries received from a fall on the ice.

Mr. C. K. Giles spent Sunday, February 5, at Ogontz School, with his daughter, Miss Mabel Giles.

The Art Institute met last Tuesday at the home of Mr. Yaggy. Prof. Walter Smith delivered the lecture.

The Misses Florence and Kathryn Durand are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Dewey, in Milwaukee. Mrs. Joseph Durand spent Friday with Mrs. Dewey.

At the next meeting of the Young Ladies' Musical Class, the musical number will be a quartette of young ladies, composed of Misses Pratt, Grace Stanley and Minnie Rumsey, and Mrs. Shirley U. Martin. The object of the class is to promote a higher knowledge of music.

#### FERRY HALL.

The Misses Phelps visited Evanston last week.

Miss Chandler, of Chicago, spent Saturday with Miss McIntosh.

Miss Searles gave a tea to the young ladies of her table Thursday p. m.

Mrs. McWilliams, of Odell, spent Thursday and Friday with her daughters.

Mr. Lord, of Evanston, spent Tuesday afternoon with his daughter, Miss Annie.

Miss Cresswell has been confined to her room for two weeks past because of illness.

Several of the girls enjoyed a sleigh-ride given by the Academy boys Friday evening.

Girls, let us protest if there is to be no ball team this year. What will the spring term be with no base-ball games?

Some of the callers on the eve of February 4th seemed to be rather embarrassed. At any rate, the ladies had to do all the talking.

Miss Marie Halloway, '88, is spending the winter with her sister in Omaha. She expects to spend the months of March and April in California.

Young man, burn not the barrel which belongeth not to thee by right of purchase, else wilt thou be caught in thy transgression and suffer therefrom.

Overheard on the train. "And then as we were coming home in the street car, you know, we had to stand up. Well the car gave a dreadful lurch and the whole line of us fell down in a heap and — — — lost her hat and we knocked down a poor man who was in our way and—oh there is one of those terrible reporters listening to everything I am saying."

The Aletheians gave a special meeting Friday evening, February 10th, to which some of the gentlemen were invited. The following program was rendered:—

Instrumental solo.	- - - - -	Miss Pearce
Reading.	- - - - -	Miss Hopkins
Essay.	- - - - -	Miss Brubaker
Vocal duet.	- - - - -	{ Miss Brett
		{ Miss Davis
Dream of Fair Women.	- - - - -	Tennyson
Paper—Aletheians' Future.	- - - - -	Miss Ueberne
Recitation.	- - - - -	Miss Liese
Music.		

Miss Theo. Kane gave a very pretty luncheon at her home 310 Ashland avenue, Chicago, to twenty-four of her friends Saturday, February 11. The guests were seated at four tables, each one of which represented a season. The decorations of the table representing Winter were of white hyacinths; Spring, violets; Summer, roses; and Autumn chrysanthemums. Those present from Lake Forest were Misses McCord, Eleanor McCord, Kennedy, Jeanette Kennedy, Lyon, Bennett, McWilliams, Annie McWilliams, Scott, Edna Smith and Steel. All report such a good time, and as many good things to eat. Some of the old Ferry Hall girls were present, among whom were Misses Ruth Smith, Maud Taylor, and Alice Baxter.

### ACADEMY.

#### GAMMA SIGMA.

Gilleland was visited by his aunt last week.

John Jackson has returned from a trip to the south.

Gruenstein is now correspondent for the *Chicago Tageblatt*.

Several of the students enjoyed a sleigh-ride one evening last week.

Jaeger was called to the city Monday by his parents who were going south.

The two societies chose the new students as members last Wednesday morning.

Prof. Mendel had the misfortune to have his ears touched by Jack Frost last week.

Warner has been unable to attend his classes for some time on account of ill health.

Judson Williams has received a present in the shape of a guitar from his sister at home.

Prof. Smith explained the working of the electoral college during the chapel exercises one morning recently.

The Gamma Sigma debate was postponed for one week on account of the inability of Whitney to be present.

One of the tables at Academia "clubbed in" and had a turkey roast last Sunday. It was, indeed, good to be there.

Prof. Smith read a paper to a joint meeting of the two societies last Wednesday. Subject: "The Character of Achilles."

A Sunday evening prayer meeting has been organized by the dormitory boys. The first meeting was held in Hatch's room.

Several of the Academy students have been in the city applying for positions as guides at the Fair. Few, if any, will be successful.

Hudson, who fell from a moving train last term, while going to his home at Benton, thereby sustaining severe injuries, is just able to leave his bed.

There seems to be a weekly exodus from Mitchell Hall on account of the members smoking. Smoke less or be more careful about detection.

Gruenstein has appeared wearing a large pair of blue glasses, having been ordered to do so by his physician, who informed him he was suffering from "pink eye."

The two societies will, in the near future, give some kind of an entertainment. They are at present making an effort to secure a distinguished lecturer from Chicago. A more definite announcement will be made later.

The first and second form cads have reorganized their ball nine by the election of Erskine as captain. Capt. Erskine will at once put his men in active training, hoping to be able to meet any team, of the same size, in the west when the season opens.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Whitney, whose mother died at her home in Waukegan last Tuesday evening. Although long an invalid, she was thought to have nearly recovered from her sickness, and her death was sudden and unexpected.

Prof. and Mrs. Smith gave the students a sleigh-ride last Friday evening. The party left the chapel at 7 o'clock, returning to the house of Prof. Smith, where refreshments were served. There was a large attendance, and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

### ATHLETICS.

The committee on athletic exhibition as appointed by the president of the Athletic association: Rossiter, Rice and A. A. Hopkins.

Champaign denies that she ever applied for admission into the Western College Foot Ball Association. She wisely advises editors of college papers to make sure of a fact before publishing it.

The Board of Directors of the Athletic Association met last Monday evening and decided to hold a special meeting Monday, Feb. 20th, in order to hear the reports of the various committees that have been appointed.

The management of the ball team is going to make an effort to secure the use of the gymnasium on those days not taken up by the academy classes. Under those circumstances the prospects of base ball would seem brighter.

There is a movement on foot to cast the University of Minnesota out of the Western College League. The reason alleged is that the traveling expenses are too high. This would virtually shut Minnesota out from all athletic contests.

The committees on Field Day should spare no pains to make the Field Day in the spring a success. Track athletics have come to be recognized here in the past two years and it only needs the coöperation of the students to bring that branch of athletics to a high standard. Many have signified their willingness to train and it is to be hoped that some amateur record will be lowered.

It is certainly time for the annual February meeting of the Northwestern College League to take place. The secretary should send out notices at once to the different colleges. It is conjectured that many interesting points will

be brought out at this meeting and it is feared by some that the days of the league are numbered. Nothing definite can be said, however, but it is to be hoped that the friendly relation heretofore existing will be kept up.

### ALUMNI.

Keyes Becker, '89, has returned from Odgen, Utah, to Elgin, Ill.

E. F. Dodge, '91, of Chicago, spent Sunday, Feb. 5th, at H. C. Durand's.

J. E. Smith, '91, has moved from Oskosh, Wis., to Minneapolis, Minn.

G. W. Wright, '92, of Chicago, was in town a short time on Monday, Feb. 6th.

G. W. King, '92, of Joliet, has been a guest of W. D. McNary for the past week.

Herbert Manchester, ex-'93, is training for short-stop on the Chicago University team.

Grant Stroh, '89, writes from Del Norte, Col., that the weather is like summer, and that one can sit out of doors in perfect comfort.

Dame Rumor has it that George Horton Steele, '91, is, or that is, has, or at least is about to be—but we desist. At any rate we heartily congratulate the young lady.

Of our Chicago Alumni the following favored us with their presence last Sunday: W. E. Danforth, '91; W. H. Hummiston, '91; Aubrey Warren, '92, and E. S. Chaffer, '92.

### EXCHANGES

Chess is becoming quite a fad among college students. Cornell recently met to organize a chess club.

Dr. A. W. Ringland, of Duluth, Minn., was recently inaugurated as President of Macalaster College.

Prof. Owen has presented the Wisconsin University with 1,000 volumes of standard French literature.

According to the N. Y. *Herald*, we find that the latest sport is equestrian foot ball, which was inaugurated last December by Clarence Robbins, an expert polo player. There is no kicking for a goal, and tackling is subjected to modifications. Good horsemanship is very essential, as a poor mount destroys the fine points of the game.